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Not in the Treatment. Visitor (at lunatic asylum)—I see you provide your patients with pingpong outfits.

Superintendent—No, we don't. They bring them with them.—Chicago Daily News.

The St. Paul Calendar for 1903, six sheets 10x15 inches, of beautiful reproductions, in colors, of pastel drawings by Bryson, is now ready for distribution and will be mailed on receipt of twenty-five (25) cents—coin or stamps. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Tom—"Our engagement is off." Dick—"You don't say, how's that?" Tom—"She got mad because I couldn't explain to her satisfaction why I loved her more than other girls."—Philadelphia Press.

Builds up the system; puts pure, rich blood in the veins; makes men and women strong and healthy. Burdock Blood Bitters. At any drug store.

Contentment with the divine will is the best remedy we can apply to misfortunes.—Sir W. Temple.

"I suffered for months from sore throat. Electric Oil cured me in twenty-four hours." M. S. Gist, Hawesville, Ky.

Fleeing from responsibility is a good deal like hiding from reward.—Cooperation.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

The Story of the Ghost

By MAURICE VON HOLLENBECK.

BARON MAX VON VELDENZ, of the cavalry of the German imperial guard, despite his massive frame and his six feet three in his stockings, was much perturbed in mind. It was a fine morning in June, and he held in his hand a dainty note which had come to him by the first Berlin post. He had got away from the mess table to meditate in the privacy of his own rooms on the missive.

The face which a short hour ago was radiant with health and cheerfulness was now drawn and haggard. It was not long, this perturbing note, and ran as follows:

"My own darling Max—Your Eva is broken hearted. A bolt out of the blue has suddenly descended, blighting the tender flower of our happy hope. How I wept since the news of doom came over Goethe's 'Violet,' so cruelly crushed by the callous and heedless stranger! But, dearest Max, the Von Salitz family is poor; so, alas! ever dear one, are you. But still what happiness seemed in store for loving hearts until Gen. Helm von Grubsch came here! He is one of the Von Grubsches of Dusseldorf, and is immensely rich. He is of a grave, self-contained aspect, and with a heavy, mustache, has a round, trimmed beard. He is not altogether displeasing in appearance, but, my own Max, what of that? I do not love him; I love you, and you only. But papa came to me last night and says, 'Baron Helm von Grubsch has asked for your hand. He is wealthy and powerful. He will restore Salitz castle. You must marry him, Eva.' O, my Max, the nightingale sang last night, and I so sad. Come, O, my own one, see my father. Tell him of our love, and surely he will relent. Your loving, broken hearted,

"EVA VON SALITZ."

Max von Veldenz decided on the spot to obtain a week's leave, and congratulated himself on being first favorite with his colonel. The next day he was speeding as fast as an express train could take him towards the Eiffel mountains, where above the lovely slopes of an upland lake stood the castle of Salitz, a romance in stone embowered in a fairland of forest.

Along the edge of the deep translucent lake there ran a sylvan path, with here and there a cunningly contrived rustic arbor—a happy spot known well from their childhood to Max and Eva. It stood midway between the rugged grandeur of Veldenz castle and the picturesque structure which was the home of the last Von Salitz. This sylvan path stretched now before Max like a leafy tunnel, along which he saw Eva advancing swiftly to meet him. But how sad, disconsolate she looked, how different from the Eva of the joyous Easter tide. His loving heart yearned towards her in her sorrow, became more entrancingly beautiful through that veil of tearful thought which seemed to wrap her round.

She shrank from his embrace, as she would have done from a sacrilege. His heart sank within him; he knew he was too late.

"You are betrothed, Eva? You are to be his wife?"

"It is so, Max. My father besought me, weeping. It was so new, so strange to see him in tears. He implored, he commanded. We are poorer than I knew. He would have to sell the castle if I were self-willed, and wander forth a beggar. Ah, Max, it was terrible to hear him talk so, he, my father."

He scarcely knew what to say. He owed something to himself, he thought, but her distress stirred him deeply. He would make one more effort to rescue her from the clutches of Mammon. But here his reflection was brusquely interrupted by a resonant voice.

"Why, am I dreaming? Why, this is surely Max von Veldenz! Why, Max, I thought you were dazing the Berliners with your horsemanship or exercising your squadron. Let me introduce you."

Eva had gone a shade paler. Max, when he turned, recognized the aristocratic face and figure of Count von Salitz. Beside him stood a military looking man, whom he guessed from Eva's description to be his rival.

"Permit me," said the count, "General the Baron Helm von Grubsch, Captain the Baron Max von Veldenz. We have been close neighbors all our lives, general, as I have told you."

"And now, Eva," continued the count, when the ceremony of introduction was over, "go on to the castle with the general, while I bring up the rear with Max."

"You have heard of Eva's betrothal, Max?" said the count as soon as the others were out of hearing. "She is to be congratulated, dear girl. The general is a fine fellow, and immensely rich."

The count leaned with a tender emphasis on the last two words. "I have heard," said Max. "But is it too late, count?"

"What too late?" ejaculated the other.

"You must know," said Max, "that I have loved Eva ever since we were children. And, count, that affection of mine was returned. Is it not hard to separate our hearts, count? I am not rich, but I have enough, and who knows?—some of my mother's brothers are wealthy. Count, do you know how sad you have made life for me

and Eva? Is there no way out? Surely it is not too late."

The count could scarcely command his voice to reply. At last he said, "It is too late, Max. There is no way out. The marriage will take place in two months' time, if nothing hinders."

"Then I will intrude no longer. Make my excuses to the general and Eva; I must to Berlin."

A week later his friend and fellow officer, Goetz von Berlingen, burst in upon him before he was out of bed.

"Rise, sluggard!" he shouted. "Kriegs Mobil. We are to mobilize for war. In a fortnight the cavalry of the guard must be beyond the Rhine."

The Chateau Revenant in the neighborhood of Nancy had been forsaken by its aristocratic owners. When, in spite of their splendid bravery, Macmahon and his gallant troops had been driven in headlong rout from the blood stained field of Worth, the ancient family fled westwards, too, leaving behind only Gabriel Monod, the aged butler, to whom it would have meant death to go forth from the home of his masters, where he had lived, man and boy, till now 80 summers whitened his head. He would guard and care for it lovingly while they were away.

A patrol of Uhlans had ridden up to the main entrance, and the officer announced to the pale and astonished Gabriel that the must prepare breakfast for Gen. Helm von Grubsch and his staff, who would arrive and take up their quarters for the day, and possibly the ensuing night.

That was a day never to be forgotten by the aged servant of the Revenants. In and out of the parquetry rooms stamped the spurred and booted Germans, and instead of decorous stillness there was the clank of sabers, and the costly hangings of the stately dining and reception rooms showed through wreaths and spirals of tobacco smoke. And the wine cellar—the pride of the butler and the wonder of the neighborhood for miles around—what gaps were made in it! Was there ever such thirst known? At last the day came to an end, and the officers amused themselves with song and jest.

In a corner of the lofty drawing-room a card table was set out, and here Helm von Grubsch and three of his principal officers sat down to whist. Every now and then they would adjourn to a massive sideboard in the next apartment and quaff goblets of that wonderful champagne of the Revenants, which was quite priceless. Gabriel came and looked at them from a nearer distance every now and then. Should he tell them the story of the Revenant ghost, and thrill the nerves of those haughty, martial Teutons? At last he plucked up courage, and asked permission from the "Messieurs les officiers Allemands." Helm von Grubsch laughed a consent, and to a mocking group Gabriel told his tale, and this is its substance.

A young man had been cheated of his lady love by a wealthy member of the Revenant family. He, in despair, but disguising his grief, had come one night and played cards with his rival. Late, towards dawn, when the rosy fingers of the coming day were caressing the hill tops, the rich Revenant trumped the ace of hearts with diamonds. At that moment D'Estrees sprang from his seat and blew his brains out with a pistol. His rival died two days later, thrown from a horse. And since that date it was the tradition that if anyone who had separated two loving hearts should play at cards in the room, to him young D'Estrees would appear in the shape of the living lover and be a portent of the doom of the rich and ruthless destroyer of love's young dream.

The Germans heard the story through, and then guffawed. Helm von Grubsch laughed less merrily than the others. Indeed, he had frowned once or twice during the narrative.

"Well," he said at last, "we will play till dawn and test your ghost, my man. The wine is good. Let to-morrow take care of itself."

The next rubber opened with diamonds, but interest in hearts there was none till Von Grubsch's partner, playing second, put down the ace of hearts. A look of perplexity passed over the general's face as he gazed at his cards.

"Awfully sorry to trump your trick," were the words whose German equivalent came to his lips. But no sooner had he taken the card between two of the fingers of his right hand than it was laid hold of. He looked up, and there, standing in front of him, was the tall figure of an officer of the cavalry of the guard. The eyes were fixed in a strangely absent manner on the distant dawnlight. All saw, but took what they saw for real flesh and blood, till a moment later the figure was gone. The general played the ten of diamonds.

"The rest of the tricks are mine, gentlemen," said he, showing a hand of all the court and higher cards of diamonds.

"What a hand! What luck!" exclaimed the others. Helm von Grubsch rose from the chair. A cloud was on his brow. "You saw a cuirassier?" he asked, suddenly.

"I thought so," stammered each in turn.

"Perhaps it was that champagne," he mused.

Two days later he fell dead in battle, shot through the temple by a Chassepot bullet.

"Diamonds can super hearts no more," whispered Max von Veldenz, as he led his charming bride, Eva von Salitz, from the altar of the Daum church a year later. Indeed, Eva inherited the Von Grubsch fortune, while her husband had made a splendid name on the battlefield. Translated from the German in Chicago Tribune.

INVENTOR HAS ODD SCHEME.

Ohioan Who Believes He Has Discovered More Effective Method of Firing a Cannon.

Army ordnance officers have been asked to give their attention to consider a remarkable invention of an Ohio man, who believes he has discovered something which will contribute to the deadliness of armament. The model which is submitted was a nickel-plated affair, sufficiently convincing in its operation in miniature. The inventor places six guns between upright wheels, suspending them after the manner of the carriages in the Ferris wheel.

By a simple mechanism different angles of fire, the same for all the guns at one time, may be obtained. It is proposed to rotate the guns, loading the guns in succession from a conveniently placed platform. The inventor believes that any caliber of gun may be placed in his wheel. He had left to the experts, however, the details of construction and such problems as the distribution of weight. By the most casual calculations it was found that the 12-inch guns which he proposes to be thus placed and his wheels would weigh 3,000,000 pounds. This does not take into consideration the axle and the other incidental mechanism.

BRITISH SOLDIERS IN WANT.

Problem Confronting England of Caring for Discharged Men Is a Serious One.

The problem of caring for the hordes of discharged soldiers in England now clamoring for employment is even more serious than the transport, remount and commissary scandals. There is no question that the various relief organizations accomplished a vast amount of good throughout the war and they are still doing so. They disbursed literally millions of pounds sterling in aid of widows, orphans and invalids, but now the workhouses of the United Kingdom are filled with time-expired men, and in all the big towns masses of volunteers and reservists are vainly seeking fresh situations in place of those their employers promised to hold open till after the war, but who did not do so. Strangely enough, while the cities are glutted with men out of work the farmers in all sections of the country are reported to be lamenting the dearth of field hands.

SEE PEERESS FOR CASH.

Public Given an Opportunity to View Lady Raglan in Her Coronation Finery.

Lady Raglan is enjoying the distinction of evolving the most up-to-date charity show. She agreed to place herself on exhibition during the afternoon, wearing her coronation robes and coronet, for the benefit of the local hospital at Beckenham, Kent.

The modest sum of six pence was charged for admission to the hall where her ladyship was on view. The event was intended to be a quiet suburban affair, but the newspapers got hold of the story and the hospital authorities, to reap the greatest benefit, issued poster advertisements, announcing the appearance of the peeress in her robes and wearing the coronation medal presented to her by King Edward.

The Time to Quit.

In view of King Edward's stubbornness it may be necessary for the gypsies to give up fortune telling, says the Chicago Record-Herald, and devote themselves exclusively to horse trading in the future.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Nov. 19.
CATTLE—Common . . . 3 25 @ 4 10
Butcher steers . . . 4 90 @ 5 00
CALVES—Extra . . . 7 75 @ 8 00
HOGS—Ch. packers . . . 6 20 @ 6 25
Mixed packers . . . 6 00 @ 6 15
SHEEP—Extra . . . 3 10 @ 3 25
LAMBS—Extra . . . 5 10 @ 5 25
FLOUR—Spring pat. 3 85 @ 4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 77 @ 78
No. 3 red . . . 75 @ 76
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 47 @ 48
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . 51 @ 52
RYE—No. 2 . . . 51 @ 52
HAY—Ch. Timothy . . . 19 @ 20
PORK—Clear cut . . . 18 00 @ 18 10
LARD—Steam . . . 10 @ 10 1/2
BUTTER—Ch. dairy . . . 17 @ 17 1/2
Choice creamery . . . 28 1/2 @ 28 3/4
APPLES—Fancy . . . 2 @ 2 50
POTATOES—Per bbl . . . 1 @ 1 75
TOBACCO—New . . . 3 00 @ 3 10
Old . . . 7 95 @ 8 00

Chicago.
FLOUR—Win. patent 3 40 @ 3 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 74 @ 75
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 56 1/2 @ 57
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . 29 1/2 @ 30
RYE—No. 2 . . . 49 1/2 @ 50
PORK—Mess . . . 16 87 1/2 @ 17 00
LARD—Steam . . . 10 57 1/2 @ 10 60

New York.
FLOUR—Win. str. 3 45 @ 3 55
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 80 1/2 @ 80 3/4
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 60 1/2 @ 61 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . 36 @ 37
RYE—Western . . . 59 @ 59 1/2
PORK—Mess . . . 18 60 @ 18 50
LARD—Steam . . . 10 80 @ 10 90

Baltimore.
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 76 3/4 @ 77
Southern—Sample . . . 70 @ 75 3/4
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 64 @ 64 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . 33 @ 33 1/2
CATTLE—Butchers . . . 4 60 @ 5 50
HOGS—Western . . . 7 00 @ 7 20

Louisville.
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 72 @ 72
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 63 1/2 @ 63 3/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . 31 @ 31 1/2
PORK—Mess . . . 16 50 @ 16 50
LARD—Steam . . . 10 25 @ 10 25

Indianapolis.
WHEAT—No. 2 red . . . 71 @ 71
CORN—No. 2 mixed . . . 43 1/2 @ 43 3/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed . . . 29 1/2 @ 30

Old Ones.

Quads—Funnymen tried writing his jokes on the typewriter, but had to go back to his fountain pen.

Space—What was the matter with the typewriter?

"The bell rang too often."—Manila American.

Opportunities and Business Chances. Never were greater or more attractive than now in the Great Southwest—Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Texas.

If you're interested, write for particulars. James Barker, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt., M. K. & T. Ry., 520 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

"If ev'ry man," said Uncle Eben, "was willin' to work as hard as he expects his mule to work, dar wouldn't be nigh so much complainin' in dis worl'."—Washington Star.

Stops the Cough and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

She—"A woman is as young as she looks." He—"Yes; but she ain't always as young as she thinks she looks."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The best way to cure indigestion is to remove its cause. This is best done by the prompt use of Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which regulate the stomach in an effectual manner.

Men are valued by others in about the inverse ratio of their own valuation.—Ran's Horn.

"Cure the cough and save the life." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs and colds, down to the very verge of consumption.

The race is not always for the swift, nor the money for the man who has a straight tip.—Judge.

Ten thousand demons gnawing away at one's vitals couldn't be much worse than the tortures of itching piles. Yet there's a cure. Doan's Ointment never fails.

A bank account is the greatest labor saver.—N. Y. Herald.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

It is up to the bookkeeper to keep track of the money.—Chicago Daily News.

You can do your dyeing in half an hour with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

Truth is more of a stranger than fiction.—Chicago Daily News.

THE TEST OF TIME.

Mrs. Clara J. Sherbourne, Professional Nurse of 257 Cumberland St., Portland, Maine, says:—

"I heartily wish those who suffer from some disturbed action of the kidneys would try Doan's Kidney Pills. They would, like me, be more than surprised. My back annoyed me for years. Physicians who diagnosed my case said it arose from my kidneys. When the grip was epidemic, I was worn out with constant nursing, and when I contracted it myself it left me in a very serious condition. I could not straighten nor do the most trivial act without being in torture. The kidneys were too active or the secretions were too copious, and I knew what was wrong, but how to right it was a mystery. It seems odd for a professional nurse, who has had a great deal of experience with medicines, to read advertisements about Doan's Kidney Pills in the newspapers, and it may appear more singular for me to go to H. H. Hay & Son's drug store for a box. But I did, however; and had anybody told me before that it was possible to get relief as quickly as I did I would have been loth to believe it. You can send anyone who wishes more minute particulars about my case to me, and I will be only too glad to tell them personally. As long as I live I will be a firm advocate of Doan's Kidney Pills."

Cure Confirmed 5 Years Later.

"Lapse of time has strengthened my good opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills, first expressed in the spring of 1896. I said then that had anybody told me that it was possible to get relief as quickly as I did I would have been loth to believe it. Years have passed and my continued freedom from kidney complaint has strengthened my opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills and given me a much higher appreciation of their merits."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Sherbourne will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

900 DROPS

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Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed—
Aloe—
Rhubarb—
Licorice—
Sage—
Peppermint—
Ginger—
Cinnamon—
Cloves—
Mace—
Nutmeg—
Sassafras—
Turpentine—
Vanilla—
Wintergreen—
Peppermint—

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of
Dr. H. H. Pitcher
NEW YORK.

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A. N. K.—E 1944

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